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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

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WAR! WAR!

War is generally considered among the greatest of national calamities. Those, who like the inhabitants of this metropolis have been in the centre of its horrors, who have been driven by its storms from their quiet habitations, whose property has been the booty of the plunderer, and whose feelings were made the wanton sport of a licentious and dissolute soldiery; whose friends have been sent from the field wounded or dead, or have survived to endure the lingering horrors of famine or the diseases and hardships of a camp, may in a degree realize the calamities of this horrid state of mankind.

It has been asserted by some writers, that a state of hostility is the natural state of man; that society is an artificial contrivance inconsistent with his natural disposition, which leads him to forage like the lion and contend like the bear and the tiger. This libellous description, however, is conceded to be by the fiction of philosophers, who are the indiscriminate advocates for novel and singular systems. Among inferior animals a state of hostility is thought by some to be discernable as a part of their natural disposition, and among most of them to be so much an innate propensity as never to be parted with. "The "Lion and the Tyger sport with the "paw, the horse delights to commit "his main to the wind and leaves "his pasture to try his speed in the "field; the bull even before his "brow is armed, and the lamb while "yet an emblem of innocence have "a disposition to strike with the "forehead and anticipate in play the "conflicts they are doomed to sus-"tain."

But whether war be or be not an inherent disposition of man, practice has rendered it so familiar that it almost seems to be natural. For the last one hundred years scarcely ten have been passed in universal peace. The continent of Europe, or European possessions in the east or the west have been the theatre of this dreadful calamity, and the invention of mankind has been exerted not for mutual assistance but for universal extermination.

Nor has the frequency of war diminished the fury of each successive campaign; malignity grows by gratification, and the frequent opportunities for satiating the most violent passions, instead of diminishing, encreases their fury. But the system of legalized destruction has undergone many variations in its forms and partaken in some degree the progress of refinement. A more polite and courtly manner has been

discovered for the work of destruction, and while thousands have been immolated on the altars of ambition and intemperate resentment, the communication between the hostile forces has been regulated with all imaginable courtesy and respectful attention.

In some degree the cruelty of war is restrained and its horrors diminished. Formerly it was considered not only justifiable but worthy of praise *to inflict every distress that ingenuity could invent, upon every person within the hostile lines.* The poisoned arrow was used in the battle and the assassin-like attempt was made to pollute the wells from which the enemy would draw their water. Neither helpless infancy nor infirm old-age procured clemency from the victor, nor was the unresisting foe who had surrendered his arms permitted to enjoy his life. The present design of war is to weaken the forces of the enemy as much as is possible, and to hesitate at no sacrifice by whichthis end can be accomplished, but at the same time by a singular kind of inconsistent humanity, to pursue the work of carnage and destruction in the mildest manner of which it is capable.

It was once the course of war to ravage the country, though its produce was not wanted; to burn every village and city that was reduced to subjection; to put the garrison to the sword, and give to the brutality and rapine of the soldiery indiscriminately every person and thing that was found within their power.—These barbarous oppressions have been found useless to the conquerors and a more generous system has been pursued which carries war upon the government and not upon the individual; which preserves, where there is no good derived from destruction, and contends no longer than resistance is offered. Hence the glory of a modern general is to display as much magnanimity by the temperate use of his victory as he did courage and wisdom in obtaining it.

But though it be possible to lessen in some degree the horrors of war, humanity is an alien in the camp, and is more commonly treated as a spy than as one of the regular forces.

The moderns have diminished in some degree the evils that were formerly inseparable concomitants of hostility, but their ingenuity has invented instruments of destruction previously unknown; they have formed a new discipline and given to their forces an artificial courage, whose tremendous effects have been visible in unparallelled destruction.

The battles of Homer are the personal contests of the leaders, who, however great in arms, must have been limited in power. In the more recent contests of the Grecian and Roman forces, personal valour was the principal source of victory which more depended on the strength and hardihood of the soldier than on the skill or tactics of the leader of the army. In modern war, the talents and comprehension of the general, his arts and manœuvres are the great causes of success, and his power places his legions without their concurrence in the warmest attack of the most murderous opposition.

The weapons of the antients were far less powerful, and their habiliments more effectual shields than those of modern times. The javelin or the arrow might be warded from the person, but the ball meets with no resistance till it is lodged in the body. The invention of gunpowder has entirely changed the appearance of a field of battle, and

celebrated Macedonian phalanx with Philip at its head would be resisted with success by a very inferior number of our modern artillerists. But even gun-powder answers not the exterminating spirit of modern warriors. In numberless recent instances, *the bayonet*, whose wound is most generally mortal, has been resorted to without any reliance on the ball; and it has uniformly displayed a tremendous and undistinguishing carnage.

As age has succeeded to age invention has been prodigal of its powers; as the violent passions have increased in malignity, and the softer passions in luxurious refinement, more extensive means have been found to accommodate and gratify them, and the moderns are not more eminent in the regulation of society, the establishment of governments and the comforts of domestic life, than they are fatal and tremendous in the organization of an army, and the conduct of a campaign.

The triumphs of Alexander, of Cesar, of Hannibal have successively filled mankind with astonishment and awe; but what were the effeminate Persians of those days to the hardy race of northern warriors of the present? What was the discipline of those legions which *they* fought to the veteran soldiers of an European army? What was the famous passage of the Alps, which has immortalized the *ancient* hero, to the transportation of a modern army across the same mountains, with its cumberous attendants, artillery and baggage? An event however which then seemed so wonderful is lost in the more splendid glories of the commander who recently and repeatedly effected it. What was Salamis to the Nile, the Grannicus to the Adda, or the plains of Pharsalia to those of Jena and Austrelitz? The remembrance of these events enforces the position that the labors of one age are not lost to another, but that they give new force to those which succeed; that the human mind is alike progressive in its virtues and its crimes; that whatever depends on its exertions is conducted with greater ability the longer it is practised, and whether its aim be beneficent or deadly it will be more certainly attained; that the same facility which extends the mind to every object of honourable improvement, which enlarges the road to science and useful information, which gives superiority to the present age in the arts of peace, the comforts of life and the means of morality, has at the same time given opportunity for gratification to their legalized crimes, and discovered to them the means of committing more efficaciously the crimes they are not ashamed to promulge, or of indulging with greater secresy the vices they are taught to conceal; hence with much superiority they are likewise in many respects vastly inferior, or perhaps discover that the general character of man in every age is free from faults only in consequence of being ignorant how to commit them. E.

For the Emerald.

ON THE MEANS OF PREVENTING CRIMES.

The judicious Voltaire, who, by his bold researches into the science of jurisprudence, has prepared the way to liberty in his country, says, in the conclusion of his commentary on the essay on Crimes and Punishments, "In the present age, we seem universally aiming at perfection; let us not therefore forget to perfect the laws on which our lives and fortunes depend."

The perfection of laws consists in the security of the citizen and the peace of society. To accomplish these ends, there are two ways proposed: Either punish crimes or prevent them. Perfection of manners and morals in a commonwealth is not expected; otherwise the punishments which have from the commencement of society, been inflicted on the offenders against law, would have gratified expectation. Order then cannot be introduced, for the passions of men, continually impelling to indulgencies and evils which are interdicted, are like waters impeded in their progress. Increasing in strength by opposition, they overwhelm and bear down, with the mighty force of a torrent, the dykes of civil institutions.

To make laws, therefore, is not to prevent crimes. It can only swell the catalogue of offences. Could my voice reach the ear of a Legislator it should whisper, Could you govern men by a principle of fear by holding up the idea of severe penalty, or rule them by a law of honour by inviting them to wisdom, adopt the latter method as the most probable to effect the general good. He who is awed, to a compliance of law, will have the disposition of a slave, and wait in submission only for an opportunity to gratify his vicious inclination. But he who obeys honour is listed to a commander who is always present with him, and who will be persuaded that the commission of a crime is not so much a wrong done to his neighbor as an injury to himself. Make not laws for the profligate. Rather frame good citizens to virtue. Behold the rising generation! Mould them to what form you please, while they are yet capable of receiving impressions, while they are susceptible of imbibing ideas never to be forgotten.

The first step to prevent crimes, is the introduction of education. The connexion between education and public felicity is strongly marked in the history of the Romans. In the first stage of the empire education was overlooked or not understood by Numa. The nation was like a ship in a tempest. The manners of the people were rude, and boisterous, and the Commonwealth reduced to wreck. Plutarch blames this legislature for not providing rules for the tuition of youth. But as the nation increased in glory and prosperity, education flourished with equal splendor. The most eminent ladies undertook to manage the first stage of this important business, ladies who were honoured with a reverence little inferior to the Vestals, and in whose presence the highest decency of conduct and expression was observed. "Thus says Quintilian, Cornelia, Aurelia and Attica, the mothers to the Gracchi, Julius Cæsar, and Augustus are reported to have employed themselves in the education of noblemen's children. The mind being thus preserved in its primitive innocence and integrity, and not debauched by ill example, applied itself willingly to the liberal arts, and embraced them with all its powers and faculties. Whether it was inclined to the profession of arms, the study of law and eloquence, was indulged in its particular bent and imbibed the perfection of its favourite study. When luxury overspread the nation, corruption filled the government, and morals fled from the mind of the people, the most pointed disregard to education had prevailed, literature died, and the Roman empire fell. Quintilian lamented the contrast ostensible between the ancient manner of education, already mentioned, and that of his own

time: That the soft and flexible nature of children should receive their first impressions from the ignorant tattle of some female Grecian slave: That no care was taken in the family of what was done or said in their presence: That wantonness and licentiousness were more encouraged than modesty and decorum, the consequence of which was a settled impudence, and contempt of parental authority and of good manners to others.

One thing here is worthy of particular notice, as it was attended with advantage. Children were early taught to speak the language in its purity, correctness, and elegance. Several famous men, who had not received a public liberal education, by the strength of their genius and clear, neat, happy phraseology, rose to reputation in the forum. C. Curio, of this class, was the third orator of his time.

(To be Continued.)

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

During the whole of the revolutionary war the state papers of the American Congress were regarded by the world with admiration and surprise; they were the evidence of splendid ability and pre-eminent talent. The enthusiasm of the time inspired a noble and magnanimous disposition which evinced itself as well in the cabinet of our statesmen as in the camp of our warriors. Some of the addresses and declarations of the first Congress will be forever regarded, not more for the correctness of their political sentiments and the firmness of their patriotism, than for the pure and classical elegance of their style; their bold, energetic and dignified language.

It is indeed of infinitely less consequence that a state paper be estimated for its manner, than for what is intrinsically its object, but the manner is no mean consideration; it is like the address and behaviour of a private gentleman, which marks in common eyes his education and character.

The recent attack on the national honour has called forth an unusual display of *rhetoric* as well as patriotism, and we are happy to perceive that our country does not appear to have lost that happy talent, which is oftentimes of irresistible power in acquiring victory in war and reputation in peace. A multitude of resolves, accounts and orders have been required by the present exigency, and though some few have been in the blustering and fustian style, and defied alike the laws of prudence and of grammar, yet in general they have discovered that Americans possess the advantages of independence and education. Among others of the first character we would advert to the general orders of the commander in chief of the State of Pennsylvania. They are introduced in the following dignified and elegant manner:

"The President of the United States having required a draft of fifteen thousand six hundred and thirty-five men, as the quota of Pennsylvania, towards a a detachment of one hundred thousand militia, the Governor hastens to perform the duty which the Constitution and Laws have assigned to him, with all the sensibility and zeal, that the occasion is calculated to inspire.

"After a lapse of more than thirty years the Honor, the Liberty, and the Independence of the Union, are again at stake, upon a contest with the same Power, over whose arms and ambition the Patriots of America triumphed, in the war of 1776.—The resources of patriotism and valour, which were then employed, to establish our existence as

a Nation, must now, therefore, be displayed, in order to preserve it. The sacred trust descends upon the sons of our Revolutionary Heroes and Statesmen. It is for them, at the present crisis, to embalm the memory of the many, who are dead; to enliven the declining day of the few, who survive; and, in short, to deserve the inheritance prepared for them."

OSSIAN IMITATED.

The imitation of a writer of acknowledged eminence is a more difficult task than is usually imagined. It is easy to copy the prominent traits of his style or language, but the art by which they are made pleasing is the very secret of genius, and which a witling of inferior powers may seek for in vain.

Sibi quivis
Speret idem: sudet multum frustraque laboret
Ausus idem.

In the imitations of STERNE, we find an admirable similarity to the eye; his short periods, dashes and exclamations are so minutely considered that *the task of the printer is exactly the same*, it is the *reader* who discovers the difference. We met with the following imitation of OSSIAN in the *Norfolk Ledger*; it is the introduction to a description of the attack on the Chesapeake.—It will not be denied that there are some forcible lines. We offer no opinion on the IMITATION or the *design*.

"The Sons of Peace spread the white-bosom'd sails to the wind of the mountains, the ship moved to the east; the shady land of their early days grows dim to their sight; the breeze is soft, it only whispers in the shrouds; the bending prow parts the yielding water, the parting waters rippling against the sides of the ship curl in the circling eddies of the wake: The wind freshens; she rushes foaming thro' the bay; the spiry masts, which once rose amidst the rustling of the forest leaves, now bend forward with the fulness of the pressing sails: The beam of the Sun glitters on the sand of their shores till they sink behind the green waves of the west. They ride on the wide lake of Ocean, its shores the blue field of Stars. The eyes of the valiant are moist; their sighs mix with the murmur of the rumbling seas. They listen to the long echo of the sounding beach. A silent manly sorrow swells in the thoughts of departure; when they think on the time of return, a languid joy gleams thro' their breast like the light of the moon thro' a cloud rising in the western sky; she sets cold and gloomy in the mist; she may arise blushing in the east, like a new bride from her chamber; the light of her face shall be mild and joyful.

"Yes, the eyes of the valiant are moist: a tender regret breathes in silence from their souls. And shall the sons of the sword know not the joy of tears! Shall the sadness of their hearts be denied the wings of a sigh? The cheek of the brave never blush'd beneath the sparkling dew of grief; the tears of the great are the gems of the soul; its splendor is seen in the lightning of the eye: The heart loves to float on the lucid stream, when it shines in the rays of the soul. Heroes in tears are like diamonds in the dew of heaven when the sun pours his beams on the drops. The tears of the mighty in battle wash the blood from their swords and brighten their blades with humanity. Blood is no stain on the steel of the brave, they delight not in the battles of the feeble; nor do tears dishonor their fame, they indulge not the grief of little minds."

PERSONIFICATION IN POETRY.

The personification of abstract ideas, has been considered among the first beauties of poetry. Indeed the plastic hand of the muses has embodied in human shape every passion and even thought of mankind, and under pleasing allegories and ingenious fiction, has held them up for examination and improvement. The art of the painter is considered eminent and wonderful when it presents, in perfect coloring on the canvass, the human countenance under the influence of those strong emotions which agitate an

controul it, but much superior is that skill which presents to you *by description* the very body and appearance of the passion, to which it gives a local habitation, and appropriate form—Every poet of any eminence, has sported with his genius in those entertaining exhibitions, and we have outlines and pictures enough formed to mark the moral character of man, if his nature by some wonderful transformation, at the approach of the *millenium* should relinquish his passions and their unlawful gratification.

One of the first exhibitions of this kind is the representation of the passions as musicians, by Collins, in which, probably with some reference to the Fairy Queen the poet has represented *Fear* with striking correctness.

First FEAR his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoiled he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.

The abode of DESPAIR is exhibited with admirable skill by *Spencer*.

That darksome cave they enter, where they find,
That cursed man low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullen mind.
His grisley locks, long growen and unbound, [round,
Disordered hung about his shoulders
And hid his face through which his hollow eyes
Looked deadly dull, and stared as astound;
His raw boned cheeks, through penury and pine,
Where shrunk into his jaws as he did never dine.

The entire description is admirable, and the whole allegory worthy repeated perusal.

From Falconer's Shipwreck we take the following, which is pencilled by the hand of a master, and gives an almost breathing resemblance, as far as it is possible to conceive an abstract term converted to a real being.

And lo, the power that wakes th' eventful song.
Hastes hither from Lethean banks along:
She sweeps the gloom, and rushing on the sight
Spreads o'er the kindling scene propitious light!
In her right hand an ample roll appears,
Fraught with long annals of preceding years;
With every wise and noble art of man,
Since first the circling hours their course began;
Her left a silver wand on high display'd,
Whose magic touch dispelled oblivion's shade;
Pensive her look; on radiant wings that glow
Like Juno's birds or Iris flaming bow
She sails; and swifter than the course of light,
Directs her rapid intellectual flight;
The fugitive ideas she restores,
And calls the wand'ring thought from Lethe's shores;
To things long past a second date she gives,
And hoary Time from her fresh youth receives.
Congenial Sister, of immortal fame,
She shares her power and MEMORY is her name.

MILTON abounds with these admirable personifications. They are the machinery of his poems. The following from the Penseroso is a beautiful description of Melancholy, which is painted with engaging softness, and with more attraction by being represented as a religious recluse.

Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure
Sober, stedfast and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train.
And sable stole of Cypress lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn;
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes;

There held in holy passion still
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad, leaden, downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.

As a contrast to this we might mention the appropriately short description of an opposite emotion, which a poet has identified at a dash. It is

LAUGHTER, *holding both his sides.*

On the model just recited have been formed two other elegant sketches of *Melancholy*. WARTON in his *Ode to Fancy* has invoked her as

Goddess of the tearful eye
Who loves to fold the arms and sigh.

And COLLINS in his *Music of the Passions* vividly represents her air and attitude

With eyes uprais'd as one inspir'd
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd.

REMARKS OF A MODERN OBSERVER.

I HAVE seen many things which I pretended not to see. I have often smiled and frolicked with those whom I disliked. I have experienced ingratitude in serving men who were reckoned virtuous, and I have seen the most stupid and empty babblers succeed greatly beyond their deserts.

I have seen women sacrifice the honour of their husbands to the most unprincipled gallants. I have seen miserable fribbles obtain from them favours which they refused to men of genuine merit and delicacy. I have seen many men squander their fortune, and ruin themselves for women, who laughed at them, and gave themselves to their rivals for nothing.

I have seen women, who were solicited by men of wit, long resist their addresses, and yield at once to the first proud and nonsensical fool who came in their way. I have seen that, if some women preferred men of superior information, they were censured by others of their sex.

I have always seen, that the learned and the best instructed failed in gaining favour with the ladies: I have seen delicacy of sentiment prove mischievous, and treachery be of great avail. I have seen that, in love, folly is alway more advantageous than reason.

I have seen ladies attach guilt to me who were innocent, and load with the favours those who had wronged the In short, I have seen so many thing contradictory to good sense, and I a so much convinced that the most cru sufferings often proceed from the mo noble desires, that my angry heart longer inspires any strains but tho which are bitter as the recollectio with which it is filled. *D'Olive*

Selected for the Emerald.

SELICO.

(Concluded from page 46.)

GUBERI and Teloue in vain oppos the generous design of their brothe Selico repelled their prayers, refused draw lots, and threatened to set o alone, if they would not accompa him. The two eldest at last yielde It was agreed that Guberi should st with his mother, that Teloue should with Selico to the Dutch fort, whe he would receive the price of his bro er's liberty, and that he should afte wards return with the provisions a other things which were necessary.

During this agreement, Selico w the only one who did not weep; b what pains did he not take to retain, hide his tears, when he was to lea his mother, bid her an eternal farewe embrace her for the last time, and deceive her, in swearing he would so return with Teloue; that they o went to visit their old dwelling, a see whether they might return thith

The good old woman believed the she could not however tear herself fr the arms of her sons; she already tre bled at the dangers they were going brave; and, from an involuntary fo sight, she attempted to run after Sel when he was out of sight.

The two young brothers, of which was not easy to distinguish the most be pitied, arrived in a few days at t city of Sabi. Murders had ceas peace began to be restored; the Ki of Dahomi, now the tranquil posses of the states of Juida, was desirous making the trade with the Europe flourish, and for that purpose invi

them within his walls. Many English and French merchants were admitted to the court of the monarch, who sold them his numerous prisoners, and divided the lands of the vanquished among his soldiers.

Teloue soon found a merchant who offered him a hundred crowns for his young brother.

Whilst he was hesitating, trembling in all his members, and disputing about this horrible bargain, a trumpet is heard in the square, and a public crier proclaims, with a loud voice, that the King of Dahomai promises four hundred ounces of gold, to whoever would deliver up, living, a strange unknown negro, who, the preceding night, had dared to profane the Seraglio of the monarch, and had towards day-break escaped through the arrows of his guards.

Selico hears this proclamation, makes a sign to Teloue not to conclude with the merchant; and, drawing his brother aside, says to him, in a firm tone:

Thou art to sell me; and I have willed it, to enable my mother to live; but the moderate sum that white man has offered thee, cannot make her rich. Four hundred ounces of gold would insure a handsome fortune to Darina and you: we must earn them, brother; you must immediately bind me, and take me to the king, as the culprit he seeks. Do not be frightened; I know as well as thou dost, what cruel punishment awaits me, I have calculated its duration, it can hardly exceed an hour: when my mother brought me into the world she suffered longer.

Teloue, trembling, could make no answer; penetrated with terror, with tenderness, he falls on his knees, presses him, supplicates him in the name of his mother, of Berissa, by all he ever loved, to renounce that terrible design. Of whom speakest thou? replies Selico, with a ghastly smile. I have lost Berissa; I wish to rejoin her; I save my mother, I enrich my brothers forever, I spare myself a slavery which may last forty years. Thou wilt lose the fruit of my death, and thou wilt cause the misery of her to whom we owe life.

Intimidated by the air and the tone with which Selico pronounced these last words, Teloue dares not reply; he obeys his brother, procures cords, fastens both his arms behind his back, and in tying the knots waters them with his tears; and then marches with him to the king's palace.

Stopped by the outer guard, he demands to speak to the monarch. He is introduced. The King of Dahomai, covered with gold and precious stones, was reclining on a sopha between two of his favourite women, who were dressed in petticoats of brocade, and from the waist upwards naked. The ministers, the grandees, the captains superbly clothed, were lying prostrate about twenty paces from the king; the bravest were distinguished by necklaces of human teeth, every one of which testified a victory; many women, with muskets on their shoulders, stood sentry at the doors of the apartment: large jars of gold, filled with palm-wine, brandy, and other strong liquors, were placed confusedly at a little distance from the king, and the hall was paved with the skulls of his enemies.

Sovereign of the world, said Teloue, bending his forehead to the earth, I am come according to thy sacred commands to surrender into thy hands ———. He cannot proceed, his voice expires on his lips. The king interrogates him, he is not able to answer: Selico then speaks.

King of Dahomai, says he, thou seest before thee the culprit who, hurried on by a fatal passion, penetrated last night into thy Seraglio. He who holds me in chains, was for a long time my friend, so that I trusted him with my secret. Out of zeal for thy service, he has betrayed friendship; he surprised me in my sleep, loaded me with bonds, and is come to demand his reward; give it to him, the wretch has earned it.

The king, without deigning to answer him, makes a sign to one of his ministers, who seizes him, delivers him to the armed women, and gives the four hundred ounces of gold to Teloue; who thus loaded with gold which he shudders at touching, runs to purchase provisions, and returns precipitately to carry them to his mother.—Already, by the monarch's order, preparations were made for the dreadful punishment which in Juida is inflicted on those who commit adultery with any of the king's wives. Two wide ditches are dug close together. In that which is intended for the guilty spouse, the unfortunate woman is bound to a stake, and all the women of the seraglio, in

their best array, carrying large jugs of boiling water, empty them all over her head, to the music of flutes and drums, till she expires. The other ditch contains a pile of wood, over which is fixed a long iron bar, supported by two elevated posts: the criminal is chained along that bar, the pile is set fire to; and as the flames only just reach him, he perishes in extreme torment, gradually burning.

The place was full of people. The whole military force, armed with guns and darts, formed a square battallion. The priests were waiting for the two victims, in order to impose hands on them, and devote them to death. They arrived from different parts, conducted by the armed women. Selico, calm and resigned, walked with upright head. When he got near the priest he could not refrain from casting his eyes on his unfortunate partner. With what surprise, with what grief did he not recognise Berissa! He cried out, attempts to rush towards her, but is prevented by the executioners.

This movement soon gives place to indignation. Wretch! says he to himself, whilst I was bewailing her, whilst I sought death, with the hope of rejoining her, she was of the number of those vile mistresses who contend for the heart of a tyrant! Not contended with betraying love, she was at the same time unfaithful to her master, she deserved the opprobrious appellation of adulteress, and the punishment which awaits her crime! Oh, my mother! for thee only I die, I think only on thee.

At that moment, the miserable Berissa, who has just recognised Selico, shrieks, calls the priests, and with a loud voice declares that the young man who is going to suffer is not he who penetrated into the Seraglio! she swears it, in the face of Heaven, by the mountains, by the thunder, the most sacred of their oaths. The intimidated priests suspend the execution, and send to acquaint the king with the event, who immediately repairs to the place.

The monarch approached Berissa with anger and indignation: Slave, says he, with a terrible voice, thou who disdaineth the love of thy master, thou whom I wished to elevate to the rank of my favourite spouse, and whom I have suffered to live, notwithstanding thy refusal, what can be thy intention in daring to deny the crime of thy accomplice? Dost thou hope to save him? If he be not thy lover, discover him, guilty woman; surrender him to my justice and I will release the innocent.

King of Dahomai, replies Berissa, already tied to the fatal stake, I could not accept thy heart; I had none to bestow: I did not fear telling thee so. Thinkest thou that she who has not told a falsity to share a crown, can tell one on the point of dying: No, I have owned every thing; I renew my avowal. A man last night did penetrate into my apartment, and did not retire till daybreak, but it was not this man. Thou requirest me to name him. I ought not, nor will I: I am prepared to die: I know that nothing can save me, and I only prolong these terrible moments to hinder thee from committing a crime. I again swear to thee, king of Dahomai, the blood of this innocent will be upon thy head. Let him be freed, and punish me. I have nothing more to say.

The king was struck with the words of Berissa, with the tone in which they were spoken; he gave no orders, he hung his head down, and was surprised at the secret repugnance which for once he felt to shed a little blood. But reflecting that the negro had accused himself; attributing the interest which Berissa had testified for him, to her love, his fury is rekindled. He makes a sign to the executioners: the pile is set fire to, the women approach with their vessels of boiling water: when an old man, panting, out of breath, covered with wounds and dust, suddenly breaks his way through the crowd, and falls at the feet of the king.

Stop, says he, stop; it is I that am the culprit, I scaled the walls of thy Seraglio to carry off my daughter. I was formerly the chief priest of the god who was adored here; my daughter was torn from my arms, and conducted to thy palace. I have ever since sought an opportunity to see her again. Last night I attained my end. She in vain attempted to follow me, thy guards perceived us. I escaped alone from among the arrows which have wounded me as thou seest. I offer thee thy victim, and am come to die with her, for whose sake I only wished to live.

He had hardly concluded, when the king commands the priests to loosen the two supposed criminals, and bring them before him. He interrogates Selico; he wants to know what power-

ful motive could engage him to seek such a painful death. Selico, whose heart palpitated with joy to find Berissa constant, boldly reveals every thing to the monarch: he recounts his misfortunes, the indigence of his mother, and his resolution to gain the four hundred ounces of gold for her. Berissa and her father heard him with tears of admiration; the chiefs, the soldiers, the populace were affected; the king felt tears flowing, which had never before bathed his cheeks: such is the charm of virtue, it is adored even by barbarians.

After having heard Selico, the king holds out his hand to him, raises him up; and turning him towards the European-merchants who were present at this spectacle; you, says he, whom wisdom, experience, the lights of a long state of civilization, have so well taught how much, within a crown-piece, a man may be worth, at how much do you estimate that man? The merchants blushed at that question. A young Frenchman boldly cried out: ten thousand crowns of gold.

Let them be given to Berissa, replied the king directly, and with that sum not purchase, but espouse Selico.

After these orders, the king of Dahomai retired, wondering at feeling a pleasure which he had never before known.

Farulho on the same day gave his daughter to Selico. The happy pair accompanied him the next day with their treasure on their return to Darina. She thought she should die with joy, as did the two brothers of Selico. That virtuous family was never more parted; enjoyed its riches, and, in a barbarous country, were long the most noble example which Heaven can bestow upon earth, that of opulence and happiness produced solely by virtue.

EMERALD LITERARY NOTICE.

GENIUS AND POETRY.

The admirers of great talents, elegantly and usefully displayed, will learn with infinite pleasure, that the author of "The Ruling Passion" is collecting and will publish to the world a volume of his poetry. Wherever the American character is known, the poetry of PAINE has delighted the ear by the harmony of its music, elevated the feelings by the eloquence of its patriotism, and been fixed in the memory by the display of bold invention, and original thought. At a time when the whole continent was emulous of distinction for the combination of patriotic sentiments with poetic inspiration, the writings of Robert Treat Paine, jun. Esq. were hailed with wonder and admiration, and his verses, like those of Homer, recited by every tongue. It is indeed to be regretted that genius so original and commanding should so frequently have been expended on local topics and the politics of the day; but there is so much of that ethereal fire of genius in the compositions of this writer, that it imparts its own immortality to every subject it pursues, without suffering the contamination that inferior talents would receive from the humble connexions.

The volume which is now announced to the public will contain not merely those popular songs, which, like the national airs of the Swiss, have electrified the whole continent with the fire of patriotism, but likewise those occasional effusions of erudition and taste which have delighted the admirers of genius, by elegant sentiment, flowing imagery, bold personification, and whatever splendid ornament has at any time shone in the coronet of the Muses.

In addition to the productions which are known and admired, the present volume will contain several interesting occasional poems, that have hitherto feasted only the private eye of friendship and charmed the social circle of literature and taste. It gratifies us to add, that the whole work, revised and corrected by its celebrated author, will be published at the Emerald press, with the advantage of his personal superintendance.

POETRY.

FOR THE EMERALD,

THE WISH.

O MAY the slumbers of my fair
Be tranquil as the morning breeze!
Refreshing, soothing, void of care,
To lull her gentle soul in peace!

Rest gently on thy couch, my love,
As dewdrops on the morning rose,
When not a zephyr's sigh doth move,
To interrupt its sweet repose!

Descend from heav'n delightful dreams!
All such as wanton sports attend,
Descend on Cynthia's lucid beams,
And round her pillow take your stand!

Her fancy fill with lovliest scenes,
With pastures ever green and gay;
And milk-white flocks on *laughing plains*,
Skipping around in wanton play.

Then let her hear soft sounding strains,
Arising from some lonely glade,
Echoing thro' the *list'ning plains*,
Sweeter than tho' Apollo play'd!

Beneath the myrtle may she seem
(Conceal'd from ev'ry human eye)
To bathe within some chrystal stream,
As o'er her head the warblers fly!

Then with the Graces let her sport,
The fairest sister of their train;
Gathering flow'rs of ev'ry sort,
While wand'ring thro' the painted plain.

O lovely dreams! direct her way,
To where the flow'r with foliage grows,
There let the loves around her play,
As bees about the new-blown rose!

While some are kneeling at her feet,
Presenting sweetest fruits of love,
Let others scatter odours sweet,
As with their wings the daisies move!

Now let the Paphian god be near,
Adorn'd with ev'ry striking charm!
But let him not in arms appear,
Lest looking fierce he cause alarm.

Sweet dreams! at last present my shade,
With melting look and tearful eye;
And falt'ring let it say, "Sweet maid!
"Sweet maid, for love of thee I die."

Bland visions! so her thoughts inspire,
As may relieve my soul's distress!
That while I urge the soft desire,
She blush, and smile, and sigh "O yes!"

ALBERT.

Providence, July 20.

CHARADES.

1.

To my first, when the toils of the day
Having fatigu'd both your body and mind,
With what pleasure you hasten away,
A repose from all labour to find;
But tho' of my *first* I am vain,
(And with vanity well may I speak it)
How soon you'd begin to complain,
If you once were compell'd for to keep it.

My next when its mention'd with spleen,
The sure mark of contempt is allow'd,
Is bestow'd on the *drunken* and *mean*,
The *dirty*, the *cringing*, and *proud*;
Is likewise bestow'd on the *brave*,
And on him that is oft melancholy;
On the *steady*, the *sober*, and *grave*,
The *good-natur'd*, the *hearty*, and *jolly*.

Unite both my first and my second,
And you'll find when you've join'd them together,
That my whole by *both* sexes is reckon'd,
A something they like in cold weather;
But to all one truth more is address'd,
When this cloud of deception you've burst,
You will find you can ne'er be possess'd
Of my *whole*, till you're snug in my First.

2.

How sweet my *first* when stormy night draws near
But 'tis my *second* makes my *first* so dear;
My *whole* with prudent care my *first* preserves,
And thus to be my *second* well deserves.

An Epitaph on a talkative Lady.

How apt are men to lie! How dare they say,
When life is gone, all learning fleets away?
Since this glad grave holds *Chloe* fair and young,
Who, where she is, first *learnt*—to hold her tongue.

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